

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME—DEVIL.

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A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

BY EUGENE ST. CLAIR.
I had a golden dream of heaven last night! The star-gemmed canopy was rolled away. Cleft at its zenith, like two mighty scrolls, Rich with emblazonry, and before me Lay the dazzling mysteries of heaven— The unknown land! I saw Jehovah on "The great white throne," his brow encircled by A glorious crown of light before whose Brilliantly the constellated gems of Earthly diadems would pale like moonlight In the moon; and high above, the radiant Bow of Emerald was hung! I saw the Angelic hosts of paradise, their golden Tresses sporting on the perfumed winds that Stir the leaves of Eden; the bright stream of Crystal waters flowing on beneath the Spice-trees bending green, where the redeemed, in Spotless garments, walk forevermore! Angels of light, upon their glancing wings, Basked of God, swept onward meteor— Like upon their mission; and I saw in My sweet vision, that their countenances Were brighter than the diamond's liquid Blue, or the first beaming of the Morning Star! And there were birds of gorgeous plumage perched On every bough, or winging o'er the Elysian fields their trackless way, and Flowers of gold and crimson, and the blue Which paints the cloudless skies on summer nights. When starry eyes are keeping faithful watch! O, beautiful dream! This was not all! Music arose, and on the bosom of A breeze from heaven, was wafted from The orchestra of God, down to my rapt, Intoxicated ear! I heard the crash Of choral harps, swept by the master hands Of angel bands;—I heard the glorious Song of cherubim and seraphim—the Noble anthem of Eternity—rise Exultant, like incense rich, around the Throne, until it died away amid the Vast and echoing arches of heaven! O, dream celestial! wilt thou come again? Touch, O gentle goddess of the dream land, With thy magic finger my closed eyelids. And let me dream my last night's dream once more!

From the Star Spangled Banner.
CLEVELAND HOCKING;
OR,
THE TRAPPER OF THE CUYAHOGA.
BY C. M. KENDALL.

Hocking, the trapper, or Cleve Hocking, as he was called by the neighboring hunters and trappers—I say neighboring, for so he termed them, although the nearest was more than twenty miles distant—was pursuing his way through one of those wild forests of the now flourishing state of Ohio, a large portion of whose trees have contributed their room for cities and their substance to build them.
He was a Virginian by birth, his father being one of the early settlers of Jamestown. At an early age he had been apprenticed to a blacksmith, where his great strength and ingenuity soon made him an useful artisan.
After becoming free from his employer, he pursued the trade upon his own account for several years. Suddenly his friends were surprised with the intelligence, that he had sold his shop, and had gone, his former neighbors knew not whither; some whispered that it was an affair of the heart, but the world is apt to speak ill-naturedly of the absent.
At the time to which we refer he was about fifty years of age, and had lived in the forest for at least twenty-five years, where his prodigious strength, his skill in wood-craft, and his triumphant exploits with the Indians and wild beasts, had won for him a name which the oldest hunter might have envied.
His appearance was by no means remarkable, nor did his dress, which was composed of the skins of the deer, differ widely from that worn by the professed hunters of his time. In stature he was rather short, with an immense chest, broad shoulders, and limbs exceedingly compact and sinewy, especially his arms, which were long almost to deformity, but when viewed physically, might be termed perfect pyramids of muscle and sinew. His features, though plain, were by no means repulsive, and their expression was one of those which gradually gains our liking by acquaintance.
He had been unusually successful that morning with his traps, and was bearing his spoils to his cabin in excellent humor. Although in the vicinity of Indians, many of whom had plainly evinced a spirit of hostility, he did not seek to disguise his trail, nor would his appearance indicate that he was fearful of danger.

In his powerful dogs which accompanied him, he had two valuable friends, who had often shared the dangers, sports, and fatigue of hunting, with their master. These were proceeding as quietly as himself, when suddenly they stopped, sniffed the air a moment, and with their noses fairly plowing the loose leaves, dashed forward and were soon out of sight.

Hocking had called them back, and was beginning to examine the grounds, when a report of fire-arms made faint by distance, was just audible, and shortly after another was heard.

"Something's going on in that quarter, for sartin," said the trapper, for the want of a companion speaking to himself. "I will just look after these skins a bit, and then see what it means."

A few miles distant from the cabin, a scene of altogether a different character was occurring. A young man was defending himself against a small party of Indians, slowly retreating all the while in the direction marked out by the open trail, which he managed to keep in sight of, although he did not walk in it, for in many places it was so open that it would have left him exposed to the arrows of the savages.

He had never trod upon that trail, but his knowledge of hunting satisfied him from its appearance, that it led to the lodge of some white man. Bounding from tree to tree, behind which he sought momentary shelter, he managed for a long time to keep in advance of his foes, some of whom had been trying hard to get in his rear, by which means he would at once be at their mercy. Fully aware of their intentions, he exerted himself to the utmost to maintain his slight advantage.

During his movements he managed to load his rifle from time to time, and if a limb or the slightest part of the body of one of his wily foes were exposed, an unerring ball was sure to mark it. In this manner he had already killed, or fatally wounded three, while several others had received flesh wounds which made them cautious of exposing themselves afterward.

Nor had he wholly escaped their shafts, for his dress was stained by blood in several places, where the arrows of his foes had also made their mark. For several hours had he been thus engaged, and he felt his strength gradually giving way to over-exertion and increasing fatigue. Still he continued his defensive and retreating movement, straining every muscle to the utmost.

Feeling that his life was at stake, or what was worse than simple death, a lingering torture, such as only a savage could invent, would be his portion if taken, he was determined to defend himself to the last moment, and if taken, it should only be when they deprived him of life.

At length, completely exhausted, and finding that he could proceed no further without some rest, he hastily chose a spot which afforded the best available protection, and resolved, whatever might be the result, to pause for a few moments. Leaning against the trunk of an immense tree, and still upon the lookout, he was surprised to see the forms of six savages suddenly spring from their lurking places with a yell of dismay.

In a moment his rifle was to his shoulder and his foes numbered one the less. Scarcely waiting to observe the effect of his shot, he hastily loaded his piece without leaving his cover. This accomplished, and he now saw the reason of the unexpected movement on the part of the Indians. A single form of grotesque appearance was opposed to the whole force and stood alone defying them. His limbs were enveloped with thick coverings of raw hide, while his head and features were completely masked with a tight fitting envelope of deer skin, and a sleeveless shirt of the same material hung loosely about his body.

What most astonished the young man, was, to observe that the arrows which were directed towards him, when they struck, seemed to bound back without giving the slightest wound, or disturbing him in the least. A rifle was slung upon his shoulder, but his favorite weapon appeared to be a huge bar of iron, which he handled like a plaything, making the air whistle as he flourished it above his head.

The observation of the young man occupied only a moment, and with new courage and revived strength, he rushed to the assistance of his ally. But the moment he appeared a powerful voice shouted—

"Back to your cover, young man, you have had hot work this morning; I will take care of these chaps."

The young hunter hesitated, when the other exclaimed impatiently—

"To your cover, I say, as you value the friendship of Cleve Hocking. Back, or I wash my hands of you."

Just then an arrow whizzed close to the head of the young man.

The young hunter did as the trapper requested, while the latter was now engaged with the remaining Indians, who, hoping to overcome his giant force, had, in a mass, closed with him. It was only the work of a minute. At each blow from the terrible club of iron, there was one foe the less to contend with. No tomahawk could arrest that instrument of death in its descent.

Four savages had felt its weight, and lay writhing amid the leaves; the fifth attempted flight, but the crack of a rifle in the hands of the young man soon compelled him, also, to taste the leaves. The work was now accomplished, and the young man felt that his deliverance had been ordered by an all-wise Providence, who had made his strange ally the instrument of his present safety.

"That job's well finished, at all events," said the trapper, coolly wiping his bloody instrument with some fresh leaves.

"And I have to thank you for my life," said the young stranger.

"Rather than that. Being that looks after us all, that's the advice of an old trapper. But I see blood on your shirt; are you hurt?"

"But slightly. Only the marks of two of their arrows, that's all."

"I will examine them presently; but how came you on this trail?"

"A small party of us were hunting along the margin of the lake, when, arriving at the mouth of this stream and observing its wild beauty, we resolved to follow its course, occasionally striking into the depths of the forest in search of game. In one of these excursions, I lost my companions, and in search of them got confused by several trails, and finally lost my own. I have now been wandering alone for more than a week, and have been skirmishing with Indians since day break."

"You are a good shot—have a fine rifle and a stout heart of your own; but a little hot-blooded and rash; well, well, these are the faults of youth, which time will cure. Young man, I rather like you, and if so be that you can put up with a trapper's home, you're welcome to a bit of venison and a skin to sleep upon."

The young hunter accepted his offer with thanks, and the two proceeded on their way to the cabin. Before they arrived there, Foster Lovel, the name of the young man, became acquainted with the reason for the indifference of Hocking regarding the arrows of the savages. The fact was, the head covering was a steel helmet, visor, &c., while under the shirt a polished breast-plate of the same material, relics of chivalry which Hocking had procured in the colonies and made practical in his forest home.

Near the door of the cabin, Lovel was surprised to see a beautiful girl, seated upon the trunk of a fallen tree, playfully caressing two large dogs which from time to time gambled around her. He thought he never saw an object more beautiful in all her simplicity of manner and dress, and he could not avoid an exclamation of surprise and delight as he gazed upon her.

Hocking noticed this, and a cloud passed over his features. He clutched his iron club so firmly that had it been of any softer material than metal, his fingers must have indented its surface as he said—

"The man that should intend harm to that girl, I'd no more mind branding him, than I would a merciless red skin."

Lovel met the searching gaze of the trapper with a look equally as firm, as he answered—

"You do not know me, sir, or you would have known that such a remark was unnecessary in my presence."

There was so much dignity in the young man's manner, and such a noble scorn expressed in his word, that the trapper was at once convinced, and seizing his hand with a grasp that almost dislocated the joints, he said—

"Forgive me stranger, if I have wronged you even in thought; but I am as fearful of that child as though she was my own daughter."

"Not your daughter, did you say?"

"No," said the trapper, with a sigh; "once the time was, when I had friends and happy prospects; but that has gone by these many years. I'm alone in the world, with nobody to care for me except Forest and the two dogs. Well, well—but I am keeping you out here, when I dare say your wounds ought to be looked after."

"Is her name Forest?"

"I call her Forest for short, but her name is Forestina Chase. She is a brave-hearted lass as one could wish to see, and gentle in her temper as a young fawn."

Lovel's wounds, if not of a serious character, were more extensive than he had imagined, and the trapper having dressed them skillfully, prescribed quiet for a few days. During this time he had a good opportunity of making the acquaintance of Forestina, the purity of whose mind charmed him more than the graceful beauty of her person.

He heard the story of her life from her own lips, the substance of which was as follows: Of her mother she could remember but little, having died when Forest was only seven years of age. Reverses of fortune soon followed after her death, and her father, who

was a trapper, dispirited by his losses, and mourning the decease of his wife, left the colonies and plunged into the forests with his only child.

Her mother was of gentle birth, her father being a baronet and holding a colonel's commission in the army. The marriage had taken place in opposition to his wishes, and he at once disowned her. Soon after, the young couple left their native land for the continent of America.

In their forest home, Mr. Chase had endeavored, to the best of his ability, to educate his daughter. Here he also made the acquaintance of Hocking, to whom in his last moments, he confided the care of his child, and well had the worthy trapper fulfilled the promise he then made. Her father had also desired that the relatives of his wife should not be made acquainted of the existence or whereabouts of his daughter, unless they first made inquiries for her.

One afternoon, as Hocking was cleaning his rifle, seated on the doorsteps, and Forestina and Lovel were walking at a little distance engaged in conversation, the dogs, who had been crouching lazily at the feet of their master, suddenly started up with bristling hides and snarled growls.

"What is it you see that disturbs you so, my good pups?" said their master.

At that moment a piercing cry was heard at some little distance, and Lovel and Forestina hastily joined the trapper.

"If I mistake not; that was the cry of a panther, was it not?" asked Lovel.

"There is no mistaking the cry of a rascally panther, any more than the yell of a redskin, and one is just about as pleasant as t'other," replied Hocking, at the same time securing the dogs, who were growing more and more uneasy.

"We must shoot him, of course," said the young man, directing a look of anxiety to the fair girl, "his vicinity is unpleasantly near. Don't you think so, Miss Chase?"

"I have so often heard these cries," she answered, "that I regard them but slightly, especially when I have brave friends to protect me."

"If you will go into the woods with me," said Hocking to Lovel, "I will show you a bit of sport that perhaps you never witnessed."

"But Miss Chase—shall we leave her alone?"

"Oh, she won't mind it; besides, she has the dogs to protect her."

In a few minutes Hocking appeared from the cabin, thoroughly rigged, as he expressed it. He was clothed in a complete suit of armor, and no knight in the days of chivalry could have been more completely encased in steel than he was. Bidding the young man take his rifle for fear of accident, he started in the direction from whence the cry had proceeded.

"You have forgotten your arms," cried Lovel.

"No, I have not; I always carry them on my shoulders, but as for a weapon, I do not need one in this affair. It ain't every man that could move in this armor, though I say it; but if a panther can stick his claws through it, why, he is welcome; but it's my opinion he will have to choke first."

A panther is a fearful animal to look upon in his wild state of unchecked ferocity. His glaring eyes, extended fangs, and dashing tail, are not pleasant to regard, even when one has a sure rifle in his hand; but for a man to cope single-handed with a monster of this kind, even though protected in a measure by armor Lovel thought was more than he would willingly undertake.

They were not long in finding their object, whose growing increased as they approached. Gaining a good position, with his back braced firmly against a tree, Hocking waited for the panther to attack him, while Lovel was stationed at a little distance on one side. Whether the animal was afraid of the armor or not, they could not tell; but it was certain that he showed no disposition to spring upon his intruder, until the latter, growing impatient, caught up a large stick and threw at him.

This was too much for brute nature to bear, and, leaping almost an incredible distance, he alighted at the feet of the trapper, who at once closed with him. Never had Lovel seen such a terrific struggle on the part of the beast, or such strength and coolness displayed by any man before.

At the first onset, Hocking encircled the panther with a hug that might have done credit to a polar bear. The animal, unused to such receptions; was maddened to the highest degree, and in his struggles actually left the marks of his claws on the surface of the finely tempered steel armor. The trapper now firmly grasped his throat with his left hand, while his right descended like a sledge-hammer upon his back and side with a force sufficient to actually break some of his ribs.

The animal now seemed disposed to give up the contest, while Hocking, with an immense effort, threw him to the ground, and planting his knee firmly on the shoulders, held him down, while his hands compressing his throat like a "garrote," he caused his strangulation.

There is an attractiveness in an object of

power, whether of a mental, physical or mechanical character, which we all have felt and which at some time, has commanded our admiration. For the same reason we cannot avoid feeling an interest in a man of strength, though the bluntness of his nature may not have been smoothed by education nor softened by intercourse with the social world.

So thought Lovel, as he beheld the trapper moving towards his cabin with his trophy of victory upon his shoulder, breathing a little harder perhaps than usual, but calm, and unexcited, as though he had finished an ordinary work.

The young hunter spent several weeks with Hocking, occasionally hunting with him and often plying the canoe upon the beautiful Cuyahoga, accompanied with Forestina. The young people had become very fond of each other—too fond for simple friends, and in a short time their affections were no longer at their disposal.

The trapper was not blind to the state of affairs, and though he could not endure the thought of a separation from his adopted child, yet an alliance with a family so influential and respectable as the Lovels was not to be slighted. Besides, as his acquaintance ripened with the young man, so did his esteem.

Lovel now felt it necessary to return, but he left Forestina, his plighted bride. After a tedious journey he arrived at one of the colonies, where he found an agent of her grandfather's, who had been from settlement to settlement endeavoring to gain some information of his daughter's child, who, with her aged relative, were the last representatives of a proud and ancient family.

One year afterwards, Lovel crossed the ocean with his beautiful bride. A few months were spent in England, and then they made America their home. Near the mouth of the Cuyahoga they chose a romantic site for a settlement, not far from the place where the beautiful city of Cleveland is now located. The visits of the old trapper were frequent, but nothing could induce him to permanently leave his cabin in the wilderness. His herculean strength and courage were so much admired by the red men of the forest that they gradually became his friends, and his influence was so great among them, that he was enabled to protect many a defenceless settler of Ohio, who would otherwise have been the victims of the merciless savage.

Grievous Loss.
A plethoric, round-visaged individual was yesterday seated on the steps of the Custom-house bathed in tears, and sobbing violently, having in his hand a copy of the *Abend Zeitung* and the sight of tears flowing in Wall street, being so unusual a circumstance, soon attracted a group of people, curious to know what calamity had befallen the mourner.

"Is your father dead?" asked one.

"No, oh no; mine father is not dead; worse than that."

"Is your wife dead?" queried another.

"No, mine wife is not dead, too; she shoots sits and smokes a pipe all day long."

"Has your wife eloped with some other fellow?" asked a news-boy, with dilapidated corduroys and a badly kept pair of feet.

"You tink I'd cry for dat?" was the indignant rejoinder. "No, indeed; no such thing."

"Howld nisy," suggested an apple-woman, with a sympathetic countenance, through which the perspiration exuded profusely, "howld nisy; may be his wife is dead in the old country, or the childer sick, or may be some of dem was lost in the Say."

"Die Schoene Katrina was lost in the Zuyder Zee, and dat ish what I cries for," replied the mourner, unable to say more, in the poignancy of his grief.

"Was she a good ship?" inquired a sailor who had elbowed his way among the crowd.

"Yaw, it hold three hundred passengers."

"And all gone to Davy's Locker?"

"Yaw, all gone; but dat ish nothing," and the tears flowed a-fresh.

"What is the matter, my friend?" asked a good looking broker, with a splendid pair of jetty whiskers; "What are you fretting about?"

"Die Schoene Katrina was sinked, (sob) lost in the Zuyder Zee, mit—" (sob).

"Anything of yours on board?"

"No" nothing of mine."

"Well, what's the matter then?"

"Tells you, what," was the reply, as he wrung the water from his handkerchief, preparatory to a fresh outburst, "she had more as twenty barrels of sour krout on board!"—*N. Y. Jour. of Com. 12th.*

"Arrah, be me faith," said Pat, as he essayed to open the door of his shanty, in order that he might get into it, "it's regularly locked in I am."

"In," said a listener, who thought to detect the son of the Emerald Isle in a bull, in where?"

"Why in the street to be sure!" The eyes dropper marvelled.

At a colored ball given the other evening the following note was posted on the door-post:

"Tickets fifty cents. No gentlemen admitted unless he comes himself."

The Triumph of a Traveling Mesmerist in a Difficulty.

The author of "Sam Slick," observes in the course of a work he has just published, that the trials to which travelling mesmerists are put in America, are, at times, humiliating and painful enough, altho they afford infinite sport to the unbelievers. One poor fellow on arriving at a town near Detroit to lecture, was surrounded by several citizens who told him there was a rheumatic patient up stairs, who must be cured, or he himself would be escorted out of town, astride a rail, with the accompanying ceremonies. We had better give the rest of the story as it was related by the disciple of MESMER himself:

"Up stairs I went with 'em, mad as thunder, I tell you; first at being thought a humbug, and next that my individual share of the American Eagle should be compelled into a measure, by thunder! I'd gin them a fight, if it hadn't been for the science, which would have suffered anyhow, so I just said to myself, let 'em bring on their rheumatiz! I felt as if I could a mesmerized a horse, and I determined whatever the case might be I'd make it equal, by thunder!"

"Here he is," said they, and in we all bundled into a room, gathering round a bed, with me shut in among 'em, and the cussed big onenlightened heathen that did the talking, drawing out an almighty bowie knife at the same time. 'That's your man,' said he. Well, there lay a miserable looking critter, with his eyes set and his mouth open, and his jaws got wider and wider as he saw the crowd and the bowie knife, I tell you! 'That's the idea!' said old Big Leggin."

"Rise up at that bed!" said I, and I tell you what, I must a looked at him dreadful, for up he jumped on end, as if he'd jest got a streak of galvanic."

"Git out on this floor," said I with a wuss look, and I wish I may be shot if out he didn't come, looking wild, I tell you!"

"Now, cut dirt, drot you!" screamed I, and John General Jackson!—if he didn't make a straight shirt-tail for the door, may I never make another pass. After him I went, and after me they cam, prehaps there wasn't the orfullest stampede down three pair of stairs that ever occurred in Michigan! Down cut old rheumatiz through the bar-room—out I cut after him—over went the stove in the rush after both on us. I chased him round two squares—in the snow at that—then headed him off, and chased him back to the hotel again, where he landed in a fine sweat, begged for his life, and said—'he'd give up the property! Well, I wish I may be shot if he wasn't a fellow that they were offering a reward for in Buffalo! I made him dress himself—cured of his rheumatiz—run it right out of him; delivered him up, pocketed the reward, and established the science, by thunder!"

What Can be Done by Strong Hinting.

Mrs. Hogan and her husband were neither of them over fond of work. They were perfectly willing to live upon the generosity of their neighbors, which they were by no means backward in soliciting.

One day Mrs. Hogan dropped into Mrs. Farnham's, her next door neighbor, just as the family were sitting down to supper.

"Of course she was invited to sit down. 'Your tea's very good,' said she; 'I wish Mr. Hogan was here. He's very fond of tea, but we're very poor and can't afford to get it—it's so expensive.'"

This hint was considered rather a strong one, so Mrs. Farnham handed Mrs. Hogan, just as she was going, a pound parcel.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Hogan, "I'm glad to get the tea, but 'taint of much use without the milk."

A quart of milk was consigned to her charge. "Well," says she, "now if we had some sugar we should be provided."

Mrs. Farnham procured a pound and gave it to her.

"Now," said Mrs. Hogan, "we shall stand a chance to have a good cup of tea. There's nothing relishes with tea like apple-pie, as Mr. Hogan often says."

This hint was strong enough to draw out the article desired.

"After all," said Mrs. Hogan, as she took the pie into her hands, 'pie 'aint pie unless a body has cheese to eat with it. If there's anything I love, it's cheese.'"

It was impossible to resist such an appeal as this. An ample slice having been placed in her possession, she paused for a moment as if considering whether there was not something else she might call for. Failing to think of anything, she was about to move off, when a thought struck her.

"These things are rather heavy, and I ain't so strong as I used to be. I don't know as I shall be able to get home."

Mrs. Farnham volunteered to send her son John, to carry a part of the articles, an offer which Mrs. Hogan accepted without the least hesitation. When John had landed his load, Mrs. Hogan hinted that she had got some wood she should like to have split, but John didn't believe in hints, and left without taking it.

"Our 'devil' (foolish boy) is elated with the hope that the time is coming when 'female devils' will be as thick as roasts after a shower." In view of that happy period, he says, 'he ain't sorry he learned the trade.'